

THE BEGINNING

I.

Destiny is the lust of the flesh, and your pride of life resides unto the children of
wrath. Men hide from God yet reveals themselves to demons,
for “*PLEASURE IS SORROW!*”

On this Accursed Earth, creation groans as it sings,
For without blood, no sin is forgiven.
The delusions scattered across the lands,

II.

Their hearts deeply were affected by a forsworn covenant that was never brought
into
the world. “Ark of Refuge” enter the volcanic crypt for the season of covenant
never changed.

It was never here in the first place. Prices on fallacies, There is only one escape
before death,

As you fall, bellowing and mourning consumes thee.

The castaway is such as, brothers to a coyote
In their eyes the shutters are closed to life. No emotion shows, there is even boards
that cover the shades.

III.

I saw a vision of one in a hospital bed, begging for life in a dark undercurrent;
“You’re brother cried for 40 minutes. before you swam with me”

Once Again In The Everlasting Nighte!

You Shall Appear

Ghostely As Thee Daye!

Fortitude grows in my theory, is not anger the the brother of fear?

The Babel of Hope pushes Wayward!

“The way You follow Seemeth right”

But when His time comes to a close death!

Awaites, awaits.

IV.

Thirteen tears in each rebels eyes, For the cure is in eight, but your stuck in your
sin, living, bathing in it.

Multitudes can be compared to greymalkin, stuck in a hollowed out tree, with no
way to get down, only a fall will be your chance.

I’ve seen a secret death, take place in her eyes. She is rich without pleasure and
your friends are false.

When the rain comes down, they desecrate themselves, smudging , purging,
Driving each other down laughingly.

“Tear up the rulebook! Shake away your memories!” they roar in the endless
Nights.

The Candle of Truth surely will cause separation from your observations of
preconception.

What you expect from yourself is Vehemence, paragon and a model of sleekness,
but you do not speak or put this into action.

At the fourth watch see as it is the landscape filled with moonlight.

V.

Like clouds on a mountain they touch and form together. The culture of sin we
abide in, yet I will not fall.

At the gate of the city the shiverings of madness overtakes thee. For the taste of the
wind does not last long.

but its impression is the length of eternity. I too hath seen a fragment of a dream,
innocence in a chamber, No is to be found, "*PLEASURE IS SORROW*" yearn
together. A painful existence in my dreadful error has caused a neon light to be
taken refuted at my gate,

In my region of my heart. For you neck deep in commitment of wrongdoing, "Your
scars only have darkened" through your trifling emotions, Harken to my word
bountiful harvest, for you will not be taken as the sons of God. You simply live a
play and it hath it came true?

for it to transform into a brothel of sin. An empire which are the nations have their
own consciousness shown to them on plastic and glass. Their love and kindness are
only brought forth by blindness. "*Wash me clean, As I bow altar.*" Act in your
normal fashion and be sent to ashes and flames of the worlds forbidden glory and
lament. Let me be free as I run on the trail, alone. The youth flows for a time but
leaves its mark on those who lived it. The ghosts are inferior | the spirit, and spirit
contrast ones flesh. One's bitterness caused by them defiles the fruit even more.

VI.

The Animosity of your downfall and struggle is only characterized and paralleled to your own triumph. For the catches one owns heel will have the advantage over others, less to oneself. Prevail the dawn and see the prince of the night. You call it delusion, fire not the stitches painted across my body enough evidence?

Dimensions of thought reign across the colony of dreams, and You let them breathe. An Existence of a minator shines as it is bright. You walk in a day more, a babel of soul trials, sees fire in the distance. Infatuation with the minds of others realities leads you astray. You deceivers only deceive yourselves. The prostitute whom laid in the temple only an offering to be forgiven, which you hath not. Every being, body and deity has called one name. Unbeknownst to them, they see the painting which is unfulfilled and begotten. Evil are the days of ones pilgrim, as it is many. The many days you claim is only pieces of ones mind which thou gaveth away. Do you want to be a ruler of your cosmic retribution? Even a stranger recognizes we live and breathe in a tent, but you do not follow. You gave up your dream in the pursuit of love and your illusion of Vanity will not last forevermore. I've seen your destination, and how many times have you wept because of this? The moment of greatness leads to a cliff of decimation, For I know they watch in the distance of the matter, taking these dreams of hope and wishing, planting seeds and harvesting destruction.

VII.

The physicians in the forest can provide an answer, that is destitute. Are we all not guilty animals? Are your limbs not weary from the tribulation of conception?

Punish yourself, He punishes herself, Your mere predictions were unfulfilled who says your work will be anymore profitable? A Solution and key is that known to me is the projection brought unto action, where all reigns. Your rage through the hills only shows will. You can have pride like brass and see you desires of the horses, but are not in the wayfield? The old hurt can plague you, And the fallows of His wing you bow. But a mind of whom is planted with a river? bounding crop of the prophets. These dark sweet hours that hinder your growth is inevitable on the path of power. A mind composed of despair will make it shine all around you, yet when you escape your fate be weary that it was never yours. Garrulous Cities of hatred and speculation cause betrayal, so flee, never retort and hear the sounds of lightning that hath shattered the air. Time here has only given sadness that had built, Knock them down again as I build the pillars of confidence that I may deliver it to the light. The double poison, you cut own throat as you carry it to God. For your life has not been a work a faithfulness, and only shows the nocturnal Greed that lay looking over your shoulder. In the house of Ill fame the gatherers talk of futuristic wars. But I take no part. For I will tear them from the roots, them all.